THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

" O mortal man ! who livest here by toil,
" Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
" That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
" Is a hard sentence of an ancient date:
" And, certes, there is reason for it great;
" For though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
" And curse thy star, and early drudge, and late,
" Withouten that would come an heavyer bale,
" Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

THOMSON.

Mr. Easy,

I perused your paper of the 19th ult. with uncommon satisfaction. You have traced the various causes of dissatisfaction in society with much perspicuity, and have evinced that your opportunities for observation have not been neglected. It is a subject which has much occupied my mind; as it interests every individual, and as the points of view in which it may be considered are probably innumerable, I shall beg leave to offer my sentiments concerning it.

Happiness, or misery, may be said principally to consist in the good or the bad use we make of our reason. Reason is that faculty of the mind by which man is enabled to judge of the real and of the imaginary value of every thing that becomes the object of his contemplation; and he is the most reasonable who accurately discerns between the one and the other, and who at all times gives due preference to the first, and is careful not to be biassed by the last beyond the limits of strict propriety.

Man is not only endowed with the gift of reason, but he is likewise possessed with a disposition to admire certain objects, either on account of their external appearance, or their internal properties. In this he is distinguishable from every other animal, and this propensity commences with a very early period of life. Present to the eye of an infant of a month old an object of gaudy colours, pleasure will be displayed in the countenance, and an attraction by it will be perceivable, which is not to be discovered in any other creature, young or old.

It is this propensity to admire which is continually at war with reason, in all the ordinary concerns of life, and which often seduces it to give a preference to the imaginary over the real value of things. This propensity, however, is not given in the same degree to all the human race; it more especially belongs to that description of them who are most favourably circumstanced for multiplying; and to such it is not less essential than the gift of reason in its utmost excellence.

Men, in common with all other animals, increase in proportion to their facility of procuring food, and those who pursue agriculture have this facility much more than those who live by fishing and hunting; because the labour of a few in tilling the ground, will secure subsistance for a great number; whereas in fishing and hunting the means are often so scanty and precarious, that each individual can procure very little more than is sufficient for himself; the increase of the species, therefore, with such, (being nearly in the ratio of the excess of food procurable, above what absolute necessity requires,) must needs be very small: it being evidently contrary to the order of things that any being should be brought into the world for which no food is provided.

But the Author of all things has not exercised more astonishing power and skill in the construction of life, than in the care of providing occupation for all who possess it. The lower order of animals have ample employment in procuring food, and in providing for the necessities of their progeny. Those of the human race who derive their chief sustenance from fishing and hunting have in this way abundant avocation, but although they possess in common with every other of their species, the propensity to admire, it can be indulged but in a limited degree,

from their having so little leisure to bestow upon the objects of it.

The agricultural part of the species is differently circumstanced. The labour of the husbandman is abundantly productive, and these people therefore multiply rapidly. In a short time the increase necessarily exceeds the number that can be employed in tillage, and if some occupation were not provided for those that thus become superfluous, their condition must be wretched. The all-seeing eye of Supreme Wisdom has obviated even every inconvenience that could possibly attend any part of his works: In possessing the human mind with a propensity to admire, he has secured the whole so completely against idleness, that it is justly considered as a crime, which seldom goes unpunished even in our present state.

Reason suggests that we should endeavour to obtain every thing necessary to the preservation of our being; the propensity to admire urges us to adorn the several necessaries in such a way as may render them more conducive to our ease, or more pleasing to our senses.

A much smaller portion of labour is sufficient to obtain what is absolutely requisite, than to add the trappings of ornament, for of this last there is no end: Here there is an unlimited scope for industry and ingenuity. It is from our propensity to admire that we derive our solicitude to be elegantly cloathed, sumptuously fed, and superbly lodged. Every thing, in short, that exceeds what is absolutely necessaryfor the preservation of our being, originates in this faculty: And an important faculty it is, if so it may be called. It is to this we owe our promptitude in affording assistance to each other. It is to our desire of possessing objects of admiration, that we are alert in supplying the wants, and even the wishes of each other, whether good or bad; for both, alas! are gratified perhaps with nearly equal eagerness. Hence it is, that the farmer toils with unremitting care to accumulate the productions of the earth, necessary for supporting those who may be in want, at the distance from him of hundreds of miles. On the same principle the dangers of the ocean are braved, the most deadly climes are resorted to, and for the attainment of luxury and ornament, danger is encountered, and health and life is hazarded without regret.

Those things which command admiration are to be procured by all who pursue the right method; but amongst the vast variety of candidates, there are very few who are exactly fitted for the pursuit Every one, at the commencement of his career, supposes himself adequate to the task. There are few who discover their errour before it has terminated; and thus all persevere, whether successful or otherwise; and hence, the great design of occupation is fulfilled. The few, who pursue the right method, succeed in the attainment of every thing that most commands admiration in the circle in which they move. But it is consonant to the wisdom by which the whole scheme was devised, that only a few should be completely successful; because it requires the work of great numbers to adorn a house, and if many possessed the means, there would be neither materials sufficient, nor the necessary labourers to manufacture them. For the exemption from labour is in itself one of the objects of admiration; and the man who can command the labour of others, will himself be unwilling to work; the freedom from such necessity having been one of the ends he aimed at, in the commencement of his career. Just as many succeed as can be spared from labour, and these serve the same purpose as the high prizes in a lottery; all who purchase tickets hope they will be allotted to them; but the greatest proportion must have blanks, in order to provide for those who obtain the prizes. If there were no blanks, there could be no prizes above the original value of the tickets, and if there were no high prizes there would be no adventurers. So it is exactly with those who are candidates for wealth.

But admiration is not confined to what is requisite for giving employment to the body. It extends also to the operation of the mind. To be admired by our fellow creatures, some aim at empire, and some essay to climb the heavens. It is this that animated Cæsar, and exalted the imagination of Plato. There is no possibility of accounting for the ardour with which speculative enquiries are pursued on any other principle. Perhaps we may despair of commanding the suffrages of our cotemporaries —This does not deter us—We hope to secure the approbation of succeeding ages: This is sufficient to engage every power we are possessed of in the bewitching pursuit. The more I contemplate this transcendent design, the more I am led to adore the Divine Contriver. It is this principle which conducts me to Him, and in Him every thing that is admirable terminates. Here we have no limit to the exercise of this divine emanation, and here the propensity may be encouraged to the utmost bounds of imagination. It is not so with respect to the gratifications of sense; in our indulgence of these, reason must effect restraint, or misery and destruction is inevitable.

I have before said that there is a continual warfare maintained between reason and the propensity to admire. Experience justifies this conclusion. Reason dictates the attainment of what is necessary; the propensity to admire, that which is imaginary: the acquisition of both depends

upon the exchange of product between the labour of one individual and that of another. This leads to the true determination of what is competence in every station of life. The labour required for what we really want, is inconsiderable; but for the supply of our imaginary wants, there are no bounds to exertion: a competency, then, in the eye of reason, is just so much as by our industry we are enabled to give an equivalent for. If the product of our exertion exceeds in value what we necessarily require, wisdom dictates that we should abstain from the gratification of imaginary wants, in such a proportion as may enable us to provide for sickness and old age, and for the education of our children: for they must have instruction in order to effect their own support, when arrived at a proper age. It is no objection to this explanation of competency, that in the more advanced stages of society, some men acquire so great a portion of riches, that their descendants for several generations are able to enjoy the necessaries and luxuries of life without labour: this, in itself, is a great excitement, and is indeed, the great aim proposed by those adventurers whose situation in life renders large acquisitions the result of their successful endeavours: but the expenditure of their wealth secures occupation to numbers, and though it is attained but by few; yet, circulating from the few to the many, it answers every purpose originally designed.

These, sir, are a few remarks on a very interesting subject, hastily thrown together, and perhaps, not so well digested as they might be. On some future occasion I will take it up again, and send you the result of my reflections. I. C.

MATRIMONY.

There is something so sacred in the institution of marriage; it is so powerfully recommended and so strongly enforced by the precepts of morality, as well as by the mandates of nature; and contributes so much to the good of society and the happiness of individuals, that the greatest reluctance accompanies the observations I am about to make.

I consider persons who have entered into this state, as reposing under the solemn shade of authority; and while they preserve a due regard to their own dignified station, as equally exempt from the glance of enquiry, and the frowns of censure. But when, in open violation of every law of decency and decorum, they proclaim to an insulted world, that they rise superiour to those customs which the advocates of delicacy and refinement have deemed it expedient to adopt; when they.....

I was about to conclude this serious preamble, and was preparing to enter with warmth and interest on the subject, when my door creaked upon its hinges, and exposed to my view the lovely, gay, and sensible Adelaide. Perceiving my employment, she extended the fairest hand in the world, and reached the unfinished sheet with such an inexpressible air of graceful freedom, that it was impossible for any thing human to resist it. I suffered her to peruse it, and waited in agreeable suspense for a comment, in which I knew would be united the charms of good sense and good humour.

"I know," said she, seriously, "the intention of your essay, and the manner in which it will be executed. Excuse my freedom. You have been mortified by the conduct of some married pair of your acquaintance, and intend to expose their foibles to publick ridicule and censure. You have been injudicious in your choice of a subject to exercise your talents. The ablest writers have condescended to expatiate on the reciprocal duties of husband and wife, and to expose every possible folly, impropriety, or vice, in matrimonial conduct; they have left little room for any future speculations that are not dictated by passion, stupidity, or ill-nature. I myself have met with instances of matrimonial indiscretion that merited the keenest stings of satire, and called aloud for the pointed censure of the advocates of propriety. My cheek has often been suffused with the crimson blush of indignation at the weakness of my own sex, and the baseness of yours. But what could I do? Dare I express my feelings?—the wretches are abandoned or stupid. Should I publish my sentiments for the perusal of future husbands and wives?—they are already published, and will never be read by the persons they ought to reform: The contemplation of this subject, therefore, I am forced to conclude, is alike painful and useless. I turn with pleasure from it, and preserve my good humour, as well as spare my sensibility, by suffering my imagination to disport itself amid the visionary scenes of ideal purity and excellence: I banish from my mind the disgusting reality of matrimonial discord and strife, and contemplate with delight an attachment, whose warmth is corrected by purity of sentiment, and whose pleasures are enhanced by elegance of thought, which unite those whom the mandate of heaven appropriates to mutual felicity.

"You" continued Adelaide more gaily, "have passed most of your time in the perusal of books that were written before the birth of Columbus. You know more of ancient than of modern times. I dare say you have read the story of Penelope, all in Greek, and the history of Dido in the

original Latin. But the world is strangely altered since their days. For a lady to be industrious is now very vulgar; to be in love is the height of imprudence; and to be constant would set the whole world a-laughing. In the United States, this last retreat of exiled simplicity and frugality, a young lady, as soon as she enters her 'teens, is taught by her mother to think seriously of a husband. It is frequently and strongly inculcated, that he must have *something handsome*, sufficient to support her in indolence, keep a carriage, and decorate her for the Assembly and Theatre. She learns to read novels and write nonsense; to dance, if she is not born lame; to sing, if nature has given her a voice; and to charm, if heaven has endowed her with beauty: On the richness of her conquest, she is taught to believe her future happiness depends. Wealth in a suitor is beauty, talents, and worth. The tender mind is susceptible of any impression; and many a female that might have participated and heightened the sweets of domestick felicity, is thus rendered lastingly and splendidly wretched. A marriage conducted under such circumstances, is generally the commencement of a life of vexation and misery. And what reason have we to expect it should be otherwise? Who can be surprised that persons, who have no real attachment to each other, whose dispositions are dissimilar, whose souls are entirely uncongenial, should, when united, exhibit to the world the affecting picture of connubial folly and infelicity?

"I should not wish," continued Adelaide, "to defend those of my sex, who, in the common dialect, *throw themselves away*.

Poverty is not only a terrible sound, but it is a distressing reality. No man, who loves a woman as he ought, will ask her hand, unless he can support her with decency; and no woman who truly esteems a man, will consent to be an incumbrance to him. What can be more afflicting than the ineffectual struggles of a man of refined and noble sentiments, to support a woman of sensibility and worth, whom he tenderly loves? Hence the broken hearts of which we sometimes hear! and hence the helpless families of dereliction and distress! But let it be remembered that there is a wide difference between exposing ourselves to the highest bidder, and throwing ourselves into the arms of a man whom our unkind generosity would plunge into the extremes of misery and want.

"In justice to my own sex I must observe, that this substitution of avarice for attachment, ought not to be attributed to them. Early in their education, as I have observed, lessons of venality are instilled; and it often becomes necessary that they should be practised. I firmly believe they are naturally much more disinterested in this respect than men. There are some, who in spite of custom and education, yet remain so: May you be fortunate enough to meet with such a character, and make her as happy as she deserves to be."

Here Adelaide ceased. The interesting nature of her subject had imparted to her manner all the warmth and vivacity of declamation. As soon as she recollected the unusual length of her discourse, she blushed an apology, and glided away in an instant. Pleased with her observations, I have endeavoured to perpetuate them; and, though divested of the graces of her delivery, I flatter myself they will be deemed worthy of a place in the Companion.

CLEON.

Mr. Easy,

Having occasion a few days since, to visit a family some miles in the country, I was struck with the difference of the scenery exhibited then, and when I last travelled the road. At the former period, Nature, bedecked in her guadiest attire, rendered every part of the way agreeable. Extended fields of verdure, the bubbling brooks, the forests of majectick oak, clad in their vivid garments, conduced to please the eye, and shed a delightful rapture o'er the soul. Here and there you might observe the violet with its beautiful petals unfolded to the view of the passenger, and as you passed the rippled stream, the wild honey-suckle regaled you with its fragrant odours. The feathered tribe caroled from the neighbouring branches, and every thing evinced nature in her most enchanting form.

How reversed are those scenes which not long since inspired me with pleasure. The wintry blast has disrobed the lofty trees; the warbling songsters have deserted their habitations to seek a more genial climate; old Boreas raging from the arctick regions, with his frigid key has locked the meanderings of the stream, and every thing assumes a dreary aspect.

I could not forbear remarking to my companion, a young peasant, this change of nature, and for a considerable time it engrossed our conversation; while at intervals the woodman's axe resounding from afar, echoed through the extensive forests, until it was lost in distant reverberations.

Night came on apace, and the lowering clouds portended a darksome road. My companion entertained me with a description of the various places through which we passed. On crossing a stream of water he recounted the dismal phenomena which had there occurred, the tradition

whereof he had received from his ancestors; and I frequently observed he spurred forward his horse at such places as he deemed *haunted*. There were many of this nature that he pointed out, and notwithstanding my arguments to persuade him of the nullity of his doctrine the force of early impressions was so strong upon his mind, that he could not prevent shewing a consciousness of fear, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary.

These circumstances led me into a series of reflections. *Superstition* is revered by many in all nations as a deity; and but few, who have been educated in this doctrine, have either resolution or perseverance enough to divest themselves of its prejudices. The cause of this is very obvious: for amongst the worshippers of this creature of the imagination, we find the majority of the guardians and tutors of youth. Hence in their puerile years those pernicious principles are instilled into them, which maturer age, aided by reflection and the most philosophical reasoning, can never completely deface: for though by these means the person may be persuaded of their nugacity, yet the effect of a previous association of ideas will never be effectually eradicated. Superstitious tales are too often related by parents and nurses to excite the wonder of children; and from them the authenticity of those narratives is derived, which serves to impress them the more deeply upon their minds. In fact, by perverting the judgment and moral faculty, superstition will often render virtue and true reason forever strangers to its votaries.

NEMO.

Mr. Easy,

The benevolence of the citizens of Baltimore, in so readily coming forward to the relief of those whom the iron hand of Poverty has, at this inclement season, so cruelly oppressed, is truly praise-worthy; the approbation of their own bosoms, the respect of the virtuous at home and abroad, the pure and unfeigned offerings from hundreds of grateful hearts, to the throne of Him who views the actions and intentions of men, is surely a sweet and ample reward for their laudable generosity. The noble emulation of softening the lot of this wretched part of the community, is displayed by every class, from the *independent* down to the *day-labourer*, who perhaps is not many steps above those for whom he throws in his mite—that mite, oh chearing thought! is recorded above with the pen of angels, to meet its final reward.

Amongst the many donations, I know of none which has given me more pleasure, than that given by a Society who stile themselves the *Harmonick*. I had repeatedly heard of this Society, and without taking the trouble to enquire much about it, supposed it to be a meeting of gentlemen, at a publick tavern, to spend a jolly evening, which too often ends in riot, the loss of time, money, and health: but hearing of their handsome donation to the poor, and being led to enquire further respecting it, I am very much pleased to say, my hasty opinion was quite erroneous. I have been told by one of the members, that each one pays the small sum of 25 cents per night, and from a fund thus accumulated the Society has given 50 dollars. This act of benevolence I think should not pass unnoticed. In my opinion it demands the highest encomiums, and fully proves that *revelry* and *dissipation* form no part of their amusement. By this they have added strength to the justness of the title they have assumed; for what *harmony* so sweet as the soft whispers of an approving heart, and the delightful unison of man with his Maker? They have contributed to make the *widow's heart to sing for joy*, and the naked shivering orphan shakes off his rags, and capers about; views with delight and pride his little form dressed decently; forgetting his recent misery in his present comfort. How grateful to the feelings of those friends to humanity, to reflect that they have joined to effect this happy change. In rags and wretchedness they crowd into the *Soup-house*; hunger, that pinches the very soul, and leads to desperation, is there satisfied with wholesome and nourishing food; and the keen blast loses half its severity, when they return protected by the hand of Charity.

AN OLD LADY.

If the philanthropick sentiments so handsomely displayed in the preceding letter were confined to the old ladies, we are not without apprehension that the relief afforded to the suffering part of our community would be small indeed. Old ladies, we presume, form but a small part of any society, and that small part is seldom the most able or influential. Let us then render the merited thanks to this benevolent old lady, and appeal to the rising and youthful generation of the fair sex, for their assistance in the same cause.

Every thing that relates to compassion, pity, generosity, and sympathy, is justly supposed to belong to this amiable part of the creation.

Let not, then, the kind and fostering hand of charity be clouded by the contracted and mean desires which gaming creates; let not the liberal and thoughtless hand of unbounded profusion, be bounteous only to milliners and jewellers. Reserve a portion of your superfluity for the houseless shivering female, the helpless orphans, and un-

fortunate labourer, now deprived of employment; and when you conclude on being benevolent, be also prompt in your assistance.

When I look around this gay city and daily behold the thoughtless and useless expenditures and vacant gaiety of many of its inhabitants, the following energetick lines of Thomson recur again and again with increased force and effect. The city has been generous; but numerous are the comforts which can be still bestowed by the compassionate female to the wants of the destitute infant and its unhappy mother. The aid so liberally imparted by publick subscription must go to pay house rent, to buy food and fuel, to promote future views of maintenance; small indeed is that portion which can be devoted to the immediate wants of the mother, with her children, deprived of cloathes, shoes, and a warm and comfortable bed and covering.

"Ah! little think the gay licentious crowd,
"Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
"They who their thoughtless hour in giddy mirth,
"And wanton, often cruel, riot waste!
"Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
"How many feel this very moment, death
"And all the sad variety of pain.....
....."How many drink the cup
"Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
"Of misery. Sore pierc'd by *wintry winds*,
"How many shrink into the sordid hut
"Of chearless poverty."....

Let it be remembered, that charity, like mercy,

..."Droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
"Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed...
"It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

ON CALUMNY—No. I.

"*Who steals my purse, steals trash;*
"*'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;*
"*But he that filches from me my good name,*
"*Robs me of that which not enriches him,*
"*And makes me poor indeed.*" SHAKSPEARE.

A spirit of defamation in society is the most baneful and prejudicial in its consequences. The tribunal of publick opinion to which every individual is amenable for his conduct and deportment, should never be swayed by contracted, envious, or partial considerations. Candour should ever animate its decisions, and teach those who pronounce them that they themselves are no less exposed to the shafts of envy and malevolence, than their neighbours. Men, who are prone to censure, and an uncharitable interpretation of actions perhaps the most innocent, soon feel, that though their attempts may occasionally overwhelm a guiltless victim, they will not fail in most instances to recoil on their authors. No disposition is more justly odious, than an eternal and insatiable propensity to scandal. It perverts the finest feelings of the heart, corrupts the soundest understanding, and renders those who labour under its influence incapable of contemplating the most common actions of life, through any other than the jaundiced medium of passion and prejudice.

The insidious back-biter, who assassinates his neighbour in the dark, is but a few grades more detestable than those male or female gossips who, with industrious maligity, collect the tittle-tattle of the tea-table, and retail the same in other circles, wonderfully distorted and disfigured by their manner of narrating it. Such characters are driven to those little arts, in order to arrest the attention of the company, unfortunately too often as well disposed as themselves to join in the sarcastick sneer at the expense of unsuspicious innocence. The growing tale soon gathers strength, and under the protecting care of its foster parents frequently assumes a volume and magnitude, big with mischief, and fraught with consequences of the most serious nature. The Cannibals and Hyænas in human shape, who delight in propagating these mischiefs, and disseminating scandal, calumny, and detraction, merit a punishment that no words are capable of expressing. The beast of prey who prowls the desert, attacks not the animals of his own species; but the assassin of reputations is never more gratified, than when he has immolated on the altar of Slander, a creature that bears his own image, and whose whole life may have been one uniform tenour of propriety and rectitude. On the other hand, the man whose benevolent heart palpitates with affection and candour to his fellow man, is ever slow to construe their actions unfavourably: until urged by demonstrative and strongly presumptive evidences, that bring home conviction to the judgment, he does not pronounce sentence of reprobation; he never breathes the accents of censure on slight or superficial grounds.

A word uttered in a moment of unguarded levity is as little to be recalled as its mischievous effects are oftentimes to be obviated. What is said with no meaning may inflict an incurable wound on the feelings of an innocent individual. Every one should study to keep that unruly member, the tongue, in strict subjection to the authority of reason, moderation, and common sense. When once indulged, the appetite for calumny and scandal increases in force. Its licentiousness must be early corrected, or it will soon baffle all the arts of the physician. Fortunately this evil, like most others in the physical and moral world,

contains in itself a remedy, to a certain degree, for the excesses it generates; since a man of a censorious and calumniating disposition cannot long escape being overwhelmed by the publick detestation and abhorrence.

Feb. 3, 1805. CAROLINE.

A STORY FROM BOCCACCIO.

There lived not long since in our city, a young gentleman called Michael Scalza, who was one of the most agreeable and pleasant companions in the world; for which reason his company was much courted by all the young people of Florence, whenever they could be favoured with it. Now he was one day with some friends at Mount Ughi, when the question happened to be started: Which was the noblest and most ancient family in Florence? Accordingly one named the Uberti, another the Lamberti, some preferring one, and some another, according to their different humours and interests; upon which Scalza smiled, and said, "You are all mistaken; the most noble, as well as the most ancient family, I do not say in Florence, only, but in the whole world, is that of the Baronci; in this all philosophers are agreed, and every one that knows them as well as myself. And lest you should think that I speak it of some other family of that name, I tell you that I mean the Baronci, our neighbours, that live by great St. Maria. When the young gentlemen, who expected he would have mentioned some other, heard this family named, they made the greatest jest of it that could be, and said, "You impose any thing in the world upon us, as if nobody knew the Baronci but yourself."—"Indeed," quoth he, "I do not, I speak nothing but what is truth, and if there is any one among you that dares lay a wager of a supper for six of his friends, upon that head, I will stand to it; nay, more than that, I will be set down by the judgment of any person whom you shall nominate." Hereupon a young spark, called Neri Vannini, said, "I am your man." It was also agreed, that one Piero, a Florentine, in whose house they were, should be judge. Accordingly the case was stated to him, whilst the whole company bore hard upon Scalza, making themselves very merry with his expected treat. Piero then, who was a good sensible man, having heard Neri's story, turned to Scalza, and said, "Well, how do you make good your assertion?" Scalza replied, "I prove it by such arguments, that not yourself only, but even my antagonist shall confess to be just. You know that the more ancient any family is, the more noble it is deemed; this was agreed among us at the beginning. I have then only to shew, in order to gain my question, that the Baronci family is the most ancient of all others. You must understand, therefore, that they were formed when nature was in its infancy, and before she was perfect at her work, and that the rest of mankind were all created afterwards. To convince you of this, do but examine the figures of one and the other, you will find art and proportion in the last, whereas the first are rough drawn and imperfect: among them you will see one with a long narrow face, another with a prodigious broad one; one that is flat nosed, another with a nose half an ell long; this has a long hooked chin, that one eye bigger, and set lower down than the other. In a word, their faces resemble, for all the world, what children make, when they first learn to draw. Nature then, you will allow, was in its first and earliest state, when they were created, consequently they are the most ancient of all others, and therefore the most noble." Both Piero, who was to determine, and Neri, who had wagered the treat, and the whole company likewise, on hearing this pleasant argument, agreed, that Scalza was in the right, and that the Baronci were the noblest and most ancient people in the whole world.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Maria's artless lines would certainly have appeared in this number, if we could have found room for them.—They shall not be delayed longer than our next.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

We ought to apologize to the author of this spirited composition for not inserting it sooner; it had a just right to claim immediate notice, but the truth is, it lay hidden for a time under a mass of inferiour matter; an emblem of the too common fate of genius. But F. *may be assured his future favours shall be as promptly attended to, as they are earnestly requested.*

CRAZY HARRY.

Poor Harry's craz'd! Misfortune's child!
His ruin'd fancy wanders wild,
Or anger fires his breast;
And though confirm'd the mania's grown,
There's sometimes method in it shewn;
And sense and truth confest.

Victim of love and Stella's wiles,
No scenes, no circumstance beguiles
The grief he's doom'd to bear:
He would forget—but ah! his soul,
Like the touch'd needle to the pole,
Still turns and trembles there.

"See'st thou yon rose," he sternly said,
"Which proudly rears her flaunting head
"Conspicuous o'er the vine?

"The morning's mitigated ray
"Woo'd her coy beauties to the day:
"I saw, and wish'd them mine.

"Approaching nigh, I mark'd their bloom;
"Stoop'd and enjoy'd their rich perfume;
"Sweet flow'r! I cry'd, thou't born
"To be belov'd, admir'd, caress'd...
"Its slender stem I gently press'd;
"And press'd its keenest thorn.

"At pain malignantly to sport,
"Why didst thou fondly seem to court
"The hand that felt thy sting?
"Dissembling rose! for thee no more
"Shall dewy Eve her treasures pour,
"Or Zephyr wave his wing.

"Cali'd by my potent voice, the blast
"Of ruffian Winter back shall haste;
"His terrours thou shalt know;
"Or Phœbus shall, at his return,
"With more than torrid ardours burn,
"And lay thy pride full low.

"And *thou*, the cause of all my woes,
"Still more perfidious than the rose,
"Proud Stella! why for me
"Wast thou so fair? thou didst beguile
"With softest speech, with sweetest smile,
"The heart which erst was free.

"Deluded fool! I hugg'd the chain
"Whose gilding fair hid cold disdain,
"Thy bosom's slumb'ring guest;
"Too late, alas! I saw the snare;
"Hope, flying, gave me to Despair,
"And Madness tells the rest.

"Though Beauty's empire now is thine,
"And pangs unfelt before be mine,
"The bitter tear, the frequent sigh;
"Such pangs thy throbbing heart shall feel;
"Till, loathing life, from scorn thou steal
"An envied hour to die.

"No flow'rs, no verdure e'er shall grace
"Thy dark, thy last sad resting place;
"No turtle there shall mourn;
"But there be heard the screaming owl,
"And maniack spectres' nightly howl,
"Around thy hated urn. F

TO THE MYSTERY, OR INVISIBLE GIRL.

Little fairy, prithee tell,
Whisper from thy magick cell;
Tell me in what careless hour
Wast thou stolen from thy bower?

Bower with sweetest myrtle bound,
And with blushing roses crown'd;
Where thy little sportive train,
Dance each night upon the plain.

Or beside the chrystal stream,
Where pale Luna sheds her beam;
In lov'd gambols pass the night,
Hidden from all mortal sight.

Lovely little prattler, hail!
Oft I meet thee in the vale;
While by Fancy's side I rove
Through the mazes of the grove.

There thy well known voice I hear,
Sweetly whisp'ring in mine ear;
Whilst my bosom feels relief,
And forgets its wonted grief.

Tell me, air-fed phantom tell,
Whisper from thy magick cell;
When Lysander visits thee,
Does he ever speak of me?

Does he tell thee of the art
He employ'd to win my heart;
And when once he found it won,
Left it broken and undone?

Oh! when next he does appear,
Softly whisper in his ear,
Tell him while from her he flies,
Clara, for Lysander, dies! CLARA.

ROSINA.

As glitt'ring on the brow of heav'n
With chasten'd ray and sober grace,
Quivers the lovely star of ev'n
On the smooth wave's transparent face;

So gently sweet, so mildly bright,
Rosina's sparkling eyes appear,
When beams their rich and radiant light
Through the soft veil of pity's tear. CLEON.

SELECTED POETRY.

EPITAPHS.

My name...my country...what are they to thee?
What...whether base or proud, my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpass'd all other men.....
Perhaps I fell below them all...what then!
Suffice it, stranger, that thou seest a tomb.....
Thou know'st its use...it hides...no matter whom.

At three-score winter's end I died
A cheerless being, sole and sad,
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had.

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